

Final Draft 8 Demo

TABLE MANNERS

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TABLE MANNERS

EXT. TABLE IN FIELD - DAY.

A table and two chairs stand in the grass. It is a bright winter morning.

A pair of hands shake out a white table-cloth and spread it on the table, smoothing and adjusting the fabric. These hands belong to THE HOST. All we ever see of the HOST is a close up of their hands, unless specified.

The Host lays out two plates, adjusting their position.

Next, the Host lays out a knife, fork and spoon to the right of the plate. Changing their mind, the spoons are moved to above the plates and the forks to the left of the plates.

Then come the wine glasses, breathed on, polished and placed with delicacy to the top right of each plate. These are joined by a bottle of red wine.

In both hands The Host carries a salt shaker, pepper grinder, vinegar bottle and olive oil. The olive oil bottle falls from their hands and spills the contents onto the grass.

The Host clenches and releases their fists and twiddles their fingers searching for a solution. Pause. An industrial sized jar of mayonnaise is slammed down in place of the olive oil.

Hands are clasped in satisfaction.

The Host lays down two white napkins and unsuccessfully tries folding them into swan shapes. Admitting defeat, the Host folds the napkins into triangles, smoothing them down and placing one beneath each knife.

The Host's hands are stretched out in horror. Panic! The forgotten food is still in the oven.

The table stands alone and peaceful. SIZZLING sounds drift towards the table. The Host's hands hurry in, clothed in oven gloves, with a large steaming platter of food.

The Host swiftly adds an enormous, oddly shaped chocolate cake, prodding it in an attempt to amend it's appearance.

The sound of firm, assured KNOCKING.

The Host pulls out a pocket watch from their apron pocket, opens the lid and sees as the TICKING hand strikes twelve o'clock, midday.

The pocket watch is abruptly SNAPPED shut.

The Host wipes their hands on the lap of their apron, in tense anticipation.

EXT. TABLE IN FIELD - DAY

Two glasses clink in the sunlight. THE GUEST picks up their cutlery and holds both fork and knife square on each side, ready to tuck in. All we see of the Guest is their hands until the final shot.

The Guest slices the food into tiny pieces on the plate.

The Host picks up a full glass of wine and places it back on the table, empty. It has been downed in one gulp.

The Guest starts to eat at a slow pace.

The Host eats with haste, making a mess of the tablecloth.

The Guest plays with the food on their plate.

The Host discards the cutlery and attacks the food with their fingers until the plate is bare.

The Guest wipes their fingers on the napkin, reaches for the salt and seasons their food.

The Host takes their spoon and eats straight from the mayonnaise jar.

The Guest has eaten most of their food and is reaching for the platter to serve themselves some more.

The Host slaps the Guest's wrist to stop them.

The Host picks up their plate, raises it to in-front of their face and licks it. Once finished, the Host places the plate back down on the table, facing upside down.

The Host reaches for the cake and cuts two large pieces, serving themselves, before presenting their plate with an 'et voila' display of their hands.

The Guest scrunches up and releases hands in uncertainty, before tentatively copying the Host's actions.

The Host's hands grip the edge of the table in anticipation.

Once finished licking, the Guest places their plate back down on the table and turns it over.

On the upturned bottom side of the plate is the written message: 'My Valentine, will you marry me?'

The Host plonks a piece of cake on top of the marriage proposal.

The Guest reaches for the Host's hand and kisses the palm. As they kiss the hand, we see a smile.

The End.